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Olin, Stephen Henry

Two addresses

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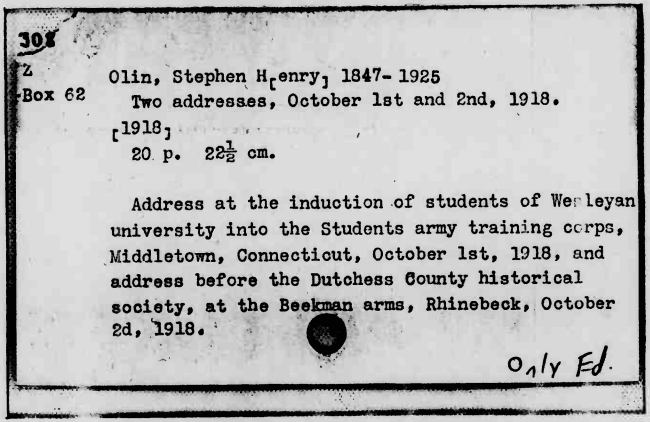

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Two addresses, October 1st and 2nd, 1918.
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Address at the induction of students of Wesleyan university into the Students army training corps, Middletown, Connecticut, October 1st, 1918, and address before the Dutchess County historical society, at the Beekman arms, Rhinebeck, October 2d, 1918.

Only Ed.

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TWO ADDRESSES

By STEPHEN H. OLIN

OCTOBER 1st and 2nd

1918

Address at the Induction of Students of Wesleyan University into the Students Army Training Corps—Middletown, Connecticut, October First, 1918

President Shanklin, Major Wrightson, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

Fifty-five years ago we used to form, under these elms, for our morning drill, to fit ourselves for service in the Civil War. We had no arms, no uniforms, no instruction, and the futility of our effort is more obvious than ever in contrast with what we see today.

I am glad that the college has been supple enough to adapt itself to the present exigency. I rejoice that the Government of the United States is beginning to provide military training for young men. It is a tardy performance of a duty, for a nation which exacts military service is bound to give the training which makes the service effective. A few years ago this could have been done without serious interference with our educational system; but amendment late and violent is better than no amendment at all.

This impressive ceremony, witnessed at this hour in five hundred colleges, is a relatively inconsiderable part of the introduction of universal military service. In the Revolutionary War, men between eighteen and forty-five were held to duty, but it was militia duty; useful against savages, but ineffectual against European troops. But for the trained battalions of the Continental Line and the famous regiments which came with Rochambeau our Revolution would have been only a rebellion.

There was conscription during the Civil War, but it was crude and awkward. In every district the provost marshal was set to drawing numbers before an excited crowd. No wonder that he was regarded as the representative of fate and mobbed accordingly, and the men so drawn for service resented what they deemed an in-

justice. Some of us remember when on the hill beyond the Pamecha there was a camp of drafted men, and we recall the relief felt in Middletown when the troublesome soldiers were shipped away under guard. Now selection rests upon discretion and reason and the summons for service comes to the citizen impersonal and resistless as a law of nature.

It was not within the experience of mankind that forty thousand drafted men could be sent to half-finished cantonments with a few hundred officers of two months training and a handful of professional soldiers promoted out of all acquaintance with their duty, and that such an experiment should be successful. But it was tried and it succeeded, and out of a score of such experiments came the admirable divisions on which our honor and so much of the welfare of the world now safely rest.

For the first time in our history military command is given, so far as may be, only to military men. There are no political brigadiers, no colonels or captains elected by men under their command, and, on the other hand, the great services of supply and manufacture are taken from the soldiers to whom they must always be in some degree matters of mere routine, and are confided to those civilians who have shown in the competition of life the greatest genius for such work.

We are submitting to military laws far more stringent than we have ever known and we supplement them by an unequalled eagerness for voluntary service. The whole world works and gives for the Red Cross. Advice to control our appetites results in a saving of food measured by hundreds of thousands of tons and a request to save gasoline brings to our highways a Sabbath stillness like that of a Puritan village.

All of these things, important as they are, are only incidents of the great fact that for the first time the American people is fighting with united energy. The Revolution and the War between the States were civil

wars, growing out of constitutional controversies which divided every community. The War of 1812, the war with Mexico and the war with Spain were waged without the approval of a majority of our people who thought them unnecessary and impolitic. We watched the beginning of the present conflict from a safe distance; we heard what the combatants had to say, and little by little the whole nation was convinced that the war was one of deliberate and prepared aggression. Then came the crime of the Lusitania. In spite of protest and in violation of promise the German Government repeatedly put our citizens to death, destroyed their factories and their ships and tried to plot with our neighbors for the dismemberment of our country. It became plain to everyone that our entrance into the war was as necessary as it was just. We came late, but, thank Heaven, not too late, and we came with unanimity which earlier would have been impossible.

As I stand here some of the things which I had in mind to say seem trivial or pedantic. I am only a looker-on at this solemn ceremony. It is not for me to repeat, to vary or to comment on the commands of the President and the Chief of Staff to these young soldiers; but I may speak of a duty which rests upon the college as college and not as army post—the duty of making precise and clear the purposes of this war. These purposes have been admirably stated by the President in four general propositions, but in generalities ambiguity lurks. Baron Burian and Count Czernin accept these propositions of the President and will be glad to make peace in accordance with what they insist is their meaning. The President has also stated the objects of the war in fourteen propositions. These our enemies do not accept and these should be made the object of our effort and the essential conditions of peace. Mr. Lodge, leading the minority in the Senate, has recently stated these demands in language not far from that of the President and we may take it that these fourteen

propositions represent approximately at least the requirements of our Government and of the governments of the allied nations.

The righteousness of international action depends upon modern history and especially upon the more uncertain part of it. We can all speak of the events which we have witnessed and we know something of those which history has recorded, but there is a period no longer talked of in the newspapers, and not yet a subject of the text books—a twilight zone where our eyes do not serve us, and where the lamps of history are not yet lighted, in which things are seen vaguely and uncertainly.

Some of us have witnessed the whole effort of modern Prussia to carry forward the predatory policy of Frederick II. We saw Schleswig-Holstein snatched away from Denmark. We saw the sudden stroke which drove Austria out of Germany, and made the Kingdom of Hanover a Prussian province. We saw Alsace-Lorraine dragged away from France with a violence which has never been condoned. At first we thought that Napoleon III had begun that war and was responsible for it, but Bismarck in his cynical old age described his conference with Roon and Moltke saddened because the King's telegram from Ems seemed to assure peace. Bismarck told us how he garbled the telegram and published it and thus made war certain. With these things in mind it seems as just and right that the French flag should go back to Alsace as that it should go back to Champagne and Picardy.

Perhaps there are young men here who do not understand why Italy should be aided in taking land from her neighbor, but some of us remember when there was no Italy, only two great Italian provinces groaning under the hated Austrian yoke, some four Italian duchies whose princelets were kept in power by Austrian arms, and a Neapolitan kingdom which was a mediaeval tyranny shameless in the light of the 19th century. There came the dream of freedom, the martyrdoms, the revolts, the

national heroes, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, the King, and we saw these fragments come joyously together in a modern kingdom, prosperous, proud and free. To us it seems a wrong that Alpine valleys of Italian speech and Venetian villages beyond the Isonzo should be hindered from belonging to Italy if they will.

It seems to me to be the first duty of this college to instruct every student in the historic facts which underlie the fourteen propositions of the President. The proposition concerning the League of Nations may overburden the historians, and should be entrusted to that prophet among you who is least without honor in his own country.

To insist upon the fourteen particulars is in analogy to the rule of the courts of law, which in every controversy go from general principles and statements to particulars and in accordance with these enter and enforce their judgments.

To insist upon these demands has furthermore become for us a matter of honor. This nation occupies the proud position of asking nothing for itself, but the other nations and peoples either will not or cannot aid us unless the particular injustice that affects each of them is ended. The Servians with desperate valor follow their Crown Prince to avenge the destruction of their homes and moved by a secular impulse to resist whatever despot rules on the Bosphorus, and whatever plundering horde crosses the Danube. They are not concerned that the world shall be safe for democracy, but if they did not fight there could be no freedom of the Mediterranean Sea, and our civilization would be driven forever from the near East. The Czecho Slovaks, without a country, without a government, without munitions, are fighting in Siberia against they know not whom. Each of them has in mind some farmstead in Moravia, some cottage in the Bohemian forest, but because they fight, our goods in Vladivostock are safe from the enemy and the Pacific Ocean is unvexed

by the unterseeboot. Accepting the aid of these peoples we cannot disregard their righteous claims.

But we must also insist upon these fourteen propositions, because they are so linked with each other that we may have all of them but of less than all we cannot be assured. When Wesleyan was a classical institution we read of the Hydra of Lerna which Hercules so frequently beheaded. When Wesleyan became a school of science comparative anatomy suggested that if Hercules had been quicker witted, he would have found in the creature some vital center, which to attack would lessen his labor. Now that Wesleyan is a military school you will learn how to strike home to Berlin, where is the heart of the modern Hydra. If you come to a settlement of one or two of the grievances, as for instance, those of Belgium and Northern France, but leave the monster alive, two heads will come for each one that has been severed.

Prussia did not cause all the troubles of modern Europe but she perpetuates most of them. Whenever the German people shall abandon the pestilent doctrine that the state may have a will for power, unconditioned by law or treaty, by justice or mercy, or by anything but appetite, at once the Belgian, free from slavery, will resume his industry; Lorraine and Alsace will forget their nightmare; Poland will be a nation again; the races under the Hapsburg crown will adjust as equals their relations with each other; the Moslem Holy War "made in Germany" will be ended; the Armenians who have escaped massacre will return to their homes; the sea will be safe and free.

In November, 1909, Dr. Shanklin was inaugurated as president of this college. There was then small thought of military training; the faculty were in cap and gown, there was no khaki. On the platform were the President of the United States and the senior Senator from New York. Each of them had been Secretary of War. Of Mr. Root's many services to the country the organization of the general staff of the army seemed to be most important. In what language should we now describe that inestimable service? I had the honor to present to Dr. Shanklin so much of the Alumni welcome as could be expressed in four minutes. I am going to end my talk today by repeating the last sentence that I then used, for I find no other words so apt to this occasion:

> "In this presence, with a new meaning and a new hope, we may repeat the stately words of Milton 'I call a complete and generous education that which enables a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war'."

You, young gentlemen, are the first to whom Wesleyan has offered this complete and generous education—the first here to be fitted for the offices of war. You will find the ancient spirit of this place congenial to the spirit which makes its abode here today. Where industry, frugality and physical fitness are found, discipline, order and implicit obedience may easily follow. Your new teachers, like your old, will tell you that the education of the soldier, like that of the citizen, consists mainly in the development of character, and that the foundations of character are truth and honor; but there are some things which have been valued here, which are not always found under a soldier's uniform: freedom of speculation, breadth of view and independence of judgment—these must abide; and, withal—I had almost said before all—hold fast to the Humanities, the great tradition of Greece and Rome, through which it is possible for the Frenchman, the Englishman, the Italian, the Roumanian, the Greek and the American to fight side by side for the same ideal of liberty.

Address before the Dutchess County Historical Society, at the Beekman Arms, Rhinebeck, October Second, 1918,

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Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The President's statement that "somebody must say something" diminishes my alarm caused by the invitation from Mr. Adams to make a historical address.

Never have we been more immersed in history, but rarely, I think, has it been more difficult to make historical addresses.

As four years ago, in geography, we began with the map of the Balkans and thereafter, little by little, came to consider the maps and atlases of all the world, so, in history, beginning with what Caesar and Tacitus said of the Belgians and the Germans, we have found that nothing in the story of mankind is irrelevant to this controversy on which our civilization depends.

In some respects, the history of these times should be easy to acquire. Formerly we learned of battles from bulletins. "False as a bulletin" said Napoleon who made many of them. But now each commander, punctually, twice a day, must stop in his work and send a statement of his progress, and we, three thousand miles away, while the field is drenched with poisoned gas, while the dead lie unburied and the litters go to and fro, compare these statements, mark our maps, and with some impatience ask "What next?"

The treatment of these statements gives one a distrust of history. They are made in precise and carefully chosen words. It should be the duty of whoever receives them to publish them at the earliest moment unchanged, and to add what he pleases of comment or explanation. What happens is the reverse of this. Some one in Paris sends a description of the statement; some one in London, sends a description of the description. The Associated

Press gives a description of the description of the description. Newspapers (with honorable exceptions) divide, invert and vary all this prose and it is through this confusion and camouflage that we come at the only basis of truth, in fine print, and introduced each time with a different sentence of which "The text follows" is the type. When history plays such pranks before our eyes, what may she do when no one is watching?

If I have any right to belong to a Historical Society (and the Treasurer informs me that I have not the commonplace right which springs from paying dues) it is because I have always been interested in reading of war from the time when the Crimean campaign was described in the Illustrated London News. Some years ago if you had asked me about any important battle, for instance Arbela, or Agincourt, or Austerlitz, or Gettysburg, I could have given you a plausible account of it.

It seems to me that now, if ever, such knowledge should be available; but not so. Military learning falls daily from Heaven like manna. We are surrounded by Jominis. If I make a suggestion about pinching out a certain salient or about the disposition of the two hundred and four German divisions on the Western front, one friend tells me "Ah, you have been reading Simonds." The second says, "Then you do not agree with Hilaire Belloc?" The third tells me that according to Repington what I call a salient is not a salient. And the fourth says that on the authority of Andre Cheradame he believes that the Germans are twice as strong as I think.

But the important difficulty is that our emotions will hardly brook formal addresses. Do you remember how you felt on the 18th of last July—the apprehension which had been growing for four months and which could not be dispelled and could hardly be concealed? Do you remember the joy of that day and the hope that filled us and soon turned to confidence? It would be exultation now if there were no anxiety for our friends and neighbors who are fighting. Near Cambrai is the 27th Division, the

National Guards who have done what they could to prepare for our defense, and in the Argonne, the youngsters of the 77th, a year ago so innocent of war, are pushing on over trench and wire, to come to grips with Prussian Guardsmen. Some day we will listen to addresses about all this. Now we want news, more news, not history.

Nor would it be better if I chose some more remote subject. If I should begin to read "New Facts About the Five Nations" or an unpublished chapter of the "Building of the Erie Canal" could you bear it?

Nor is merely local history available. Captain Morse published a history of Rhinebeck so complete that few will be tempted to rival it. There is Smith's book, a model of town histories, which has no fault except that it is out of print. If it were my duty to devise methods of expending the revenues of a historical society, I should bring out a new edition of Smith's "Rhinebeck". The biographers of our great men have talked about the town and peripatetic writers have come, such as Benson Lossing and Mrs. Lamb. There have been documented monographs of the kind that we listened to this morning, and family annals like those of Mrs. Delafield and Miss Hunt and Brockholst Livingston.

But the invitation to join your pilgrimage describes a region which, to me, is set apart from the rest of the universe. In other places one may agreeably live, but I am convinced there is here an amenity not elsewhere to be found. Mr. Adams had fixed his boundaries, perhaps, by following those of the old Precinct of Rhinebeck, but for me they were determined as the limits to which "Old Gray", a valiant horse, could draw the family carry-all and return in the same day or the next to the farm on the Post Road which you honored by driving through today.

Children see places with their eyes, but social conditions with their imaginations, and an only child who has been much with older people will often see social life as it appeared to an earlier generation. I am apt

to picture Rhinebeck as it was something more than a century ago, say in the year 1812. If you had then taken the drive that you are taking today you would have been seldom out of sight of the farm of one or other of four brothers and six sisters who lived along the River from Staatsburg to the boundary of Columbia county. You have driven much in what was the Beekman Patent and this afternoon you will approach, though you will not reach, the southern boundary of Clermont, sometimes erroneously known as the Lower Livingston Manor.

About 1742 Robert R. Livingston, only son of the owner of Clermont, married Margaret Beekman, a girl of eighteen and the only child of Colonel Henry Beekman. This marriage brought together two great estates and it united two attractive, religious and capable people in a lasting bond of affection. The husband, grandson of the Lord of the Manor, was much occupied with private and public business. He was Judge of Admiralty and Judge of the Supreme Court of the Colony. His is the first of the line of portraits in the Courtroom at Albany. He was a leader of the popular party. A letter written 27th April 1775, shortly before his death, says: "Be assured the American camp from all appearances will be victorious." His letters show increasing strength of character and religious feeling and unchanging affection for his wife. The "Derest Pegy" of the first letters becomes "My Dear" but the writer is always in form and evidently in fact "your most affectionate husband."

The Judge's widow lived at Clermont but not in the house which his father had built. That was destroyed by General Vaughn, vexed by finding himself too late to rescue Burgoyne. Mrs. Livingston might have saved her house. An invalid British officer for whom she had been caring offered to protect her, but she said "I will fare no better than my neighbors," put him and his physician into an outhouse and drove away as the Redcoats came up the lawn.

Among Governor Clinton's letters is one from Robert R. Livingston (the younger) saying that he understands that the Governor exempts men from military service to repair damage done by the enemy, if so, the writer asks for his mother the release of two carpenters and a mason, the like for himself. If Governor Clinton's answer could be found, it might be a precedent concerning the law of essential industries for the use of the Draft Board in their fine office across the way.

Many people have tried to give some adequate description of Margaret Beekman Livingston. You heard Mrs. de Laporte's graceful allusion to her this morning. Perhaps what she wrote of a friend may be taken as a description of herself. "When a cultivated and well informed understanding is joined with Virtue, Piety and Sincerity, * * * how great the Blessing."

One of her letters tells something of her character and of the institution of slavery as it existed in New York. "Mr. Cockburn * * * has also some young negro boys which he will sell but not so old as your letter mentions you wish to have. I have one about 27 years, a compleat coachman a very fine waiter has attended 20 people with great ease and quickness at table is sober—but has taken an insuferable dislike to the country has run away and is now a Gentleman at large in N. Y. and does just as he pleases. Him I could not recommend and I have none I can spare as I have given them away as soon as they grow usefull to my children."

Mrs. Livingston shared that love of the country which brought all her children back to end their lives on the bank of the Hudson. She writes from Clermont: "I am again restored to my much loved retirement—far removed from the noise and hurries of the hot smoaky and disagreeable town." She must have been a very admirable and lovable woman.

Adjoining Clermont to the south was Ideal, the house built on his own plan by the eldest son. It was

burned a few years ago. Robert R. Livingston was one of the two New Yorkers whose statues have been placed in the old House of Representatives. He was one of the Committee of Five who drew the Declaration of Independence. He was a member of the Convention which made the first constitution of New York. He was for twenty-four years Chancellor of the State; he was Secretary of Foreign Affairs; as Minister to France he negotiated the treaty by which, for a sum less than one day's expenditure in the present war, we obtained the empire between the Mississippi and the Pacific. He had made experiments in steam navigation and, meeting Robert Fulton in Paris, he brought him home and they together made the first steamboat, the "Clermont". He died in 1813. This book in my hand was published in that year and was his last work. I will read a part of the title.

"Essay on Sheep.
* * *
Reflections on the Best Method of Treating Them.
* * *
by Robert R. Livingston, LL. D.
* * *
Honorary Member of the Agricultural Society of Dutchess County"

I did not bring this hoping to elevate the art of printing in Rhinebeck or the standard of sheep raising in Dutchess County, but it is interesting that the last honor claimed by this fortunate and famous man was membership in the Dutchess County Agricultural Society.

South of Ideal is Montgomery Place. Before the Revolution a young British officer, taking a draft of recruits to the garrison at Detroit, anchored his sloop before Clermont. Not very long afterward, he sold his commission and married Janet, the Judge's eldest daughter. Montgomery and his wife came to live here at "The Flatts" as the village used to be called. They bought the farm which is now Grasmere and began to build there.

The war came and Montgomery was made a general, second in command to General Schuyler. He left his home reluctantly. He contended with the wilfulness and insubordination of the undisciplined and ill supplied militia. He captured St. Johns and Montreal. He was reinforced under the walls of Quebec by Arnold, and there, on New Year's Eve, leading his column through the snowdrifts to attack the fortress, he was killed. After his death his widow bought Montgomery Place and when later the State of New York brought back the body of her hero to be buried under the portico of St. Paul's church, she sat alone in front of her closed mansion and watched the steamer pass with tolling bells.

Adjoining Montgomery Place is Massena. There John R. Livingston lived. He was conspicuous in his family because he held no public office, unless it be that of major of militia.

To the south of Massena was the home of Alida, youngest daughter of Judge Livingston, who married John Armstrong, afterwards Major-General, Senator, Minister to France, and Secretary of War. In writing of the men who misdirected the War of 1812, Admiral Mahan paused to say that Armstrong was a man of "correct strategical judgment." He built Rokeby, a house that you will see this afternoon.

In what had been the residence of Henry Beekman, of which we visited the ruins this morning, lived Henry Beekman Livingston, who served in the Revolutionary War, rising to be Colonel of the Fourth New York Regiment of the Line. He received a sword of honor from Congress and commendation from Washington and Greene.

At Grasmere, where in time of peace birds sing to Lieutenant Crosby, lived Judge Livingston's daughter, Johanna, who had married Peter R. Livingston, a well known politician.

Next on the River bank came Wildercliffe. The

house was built by Catherine Livingston, wife of Freeborn Garretson, a Methodist circuit rider. Mrs. Garretson had great ability but she was best known by reason of her pure and lovely character. In her family, among her neighbors and in the growing Methodist Church she was reputed to be a saint.

Next came Linwood, through which we drove this morning. There lived Margaret Livingston and her husband, Dr. Thomas Tillotson. He had been an officer in the Maryland Line, but in the army surgeons were more needed than subalterns and step by step he became Surgeon General of the Northern Department. He was for a long time Secretary of State of New York. Smith says that "Mrs. Tillotson was the best known and is the best remembered of all Margaret Beekman's children by the old people of Rhinebeck * * * her praises are spoken by all who remember her."

Gertrude, the fourth of the Livingston sisters, married Morgan Lewis, and lived at Staatsburg. Morgan Lewis was an officer in both wars, rising to the rank of Major General. He was Senator in Congress, and Chief Justice and then Governor of the State. He was a trustee of Columbia College and, a distinction that we should respect, was President of the New York Historical Society.

In 1812 we should not have found Edward Livingston, the youngest and in some respects the ablest of the family. He had been one of the leaders of the New York Bar when Troup, Benson, Hamilton and Burr were practicing. He had been Mayor of New York and United States attorney. After the Louisiana Purchase he went to New Orleans. There he framed the Codes which placed him in the little group of American jurists with Kent and Story. He was Mayor of New Orleans. He served as aide to General Jackson in the battle near the city. He was Senator in Washington, Secretary of State of the United States and Minister to France. Then he came back to

live, and very soon to die, at Montgomery Place, which his eldest sister had left him in her will.

We might fancy that life would be difficult for a Colonel, three of whose sisters were the wives of Major Generals, or for a Secretary of State of New York when with two Secretaries of State of the United States. Comparisons must have been suggested when three Ministers to France, three Senators, a Chief Justice and a Chancellor, were brought together or when the Aide of General Gates met the intimate friends of General Schuyler or the member of Washington's military family sat next to the author of the Newburg letters. In reality, however, the brothers and sisters were held together by strong ties of affection. Their letters to each other are full of news, of helpfulness, as in shopping in the city, of playfulness sometimes dropping into verse, of prayerfulness, of tenderness and sympathy.

Mrs. Armstrong writes of her husband's appointment as Secretary of War "The necessary separation from my Brothers & Sisters with their interesting families is the most painful circumstance attending it." * * * "Should our dear sister Tillotson return you will be very necessary where you are. My heart bleeds for her." (Midshipman Howard Tillotson had fallen in the battle of Lake Erie).

Mrs. Edward Livingston writes of the "tumult of rejoicing and parade" which had filled New York for a fortnight. "You would have been pleased to see the general joy which the appearance of Genl. Washington diffused thro' an innumerable crowd, which thronged to receive him. My own heart felt an emotion perfectly new to it." but she begins the letter by asking for tidings from Clermont and ends by sending "a small salmon for Mamma." Again, answering two letters which had lain at the bottom of General Armstrong's trunk "till his store of linen was exhausted," she writes "The approaching season of rural elegance will soon invite us all to Clermont

* * * where every voice is cheerful * * My love to Mamma, Mrs. M., Mrs. L., Mrs. T., Mrs. A., Mrs. D., and a kiss to each of the children".

Many of them lived to a good old age. General Armstrong died at eighty-six, General Lewis at ninety, John R. Livingston at ninety-seven, and at ninety-seven Mrs. Garretson, driving from Wildercliffe to pay a visit at Montgomery Place was attacked by her last illness.

With the first half of the nineteenth century all of this family had passed away except Mrs. Edward Livingston, who lived with her daughter Cora and her daughter's husband, Thomas P. Barton, at Montgomery Place.

There are few such worthy objects of a pilgrimage as Montgomery. The house is admirably situated, was designed with skill, was furnished with taste and liberality and has been preserved by pious care. It is both interesting and beautiful. Sixty years ago it already seemed a relic of the past. Mrs. Barton had been a belle in the Washington of President Jackson's time. Nor had she much concerned herself with changing fashions. Mr. Barton had a tincture of letters, he had made a celebrated collection of Shakespeareana. He loved gardening and planted an arboretum. He had shot partridges with Charles the Tenth and directed his workmen in clothes which that monarch's tailor might have designed. He was marked as a gentleman of the old school in that he had killed his man in a duel at Hoboken.

Amid these surroundings lived Mrs. Edward Livingston. She came of a French family in St. Domingo. In a slave rising her father and brothers met their fate. She, a young widow, fled to New Orleans where she met and married Edward Livingston, then a widower. Hunt, his biographer, says of her "It is said that at this period her beauty was extraordinary. Slender, delicate and wonderfully graceful she possessed a brilliant intellect and an uncommon spirit." For these qualities she was noted at Washington when her husband was Secretary of State

and at the French Court when he was Minister Plenipotentiary. When she came home she adopted the religious views of Mrs. Garretson. Her dress was severely plain, her manner grave and gracious. To one impressionable little boy she seemed a very great lady indeed. Until the eve of the Civil War she kept alive the distinction of what was perhaps the most distinguished family circle of the Revolutionary time.

Mr. Huyler has intimated that Rhinebeck grows slowly. It grows nevertheless. Smith gives an assessment list of the North Ward of Dutchess County in 1723, just before Margaret Beekman was born. The assessed valuation was less than £1,100. The annual tax was £54 and some shillings, the kind of sum which is raised for the Red Cross on the steps of the Town Hall on an off Saturday when there is no pig, no puppy, no hurdy gurdy.

Mr. Huyler is himself one of those dreamers of whom he has spoken, whose dreams Rhinebeck dreams after them. I see others of them here today, but one is missing. He is somewhere in France. I may not propose a toast but may I be permitted to name our absent dreamer, Francis Little?

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